Art of Worship

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Art of Worship

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

Hannibal sketches his own vision of Will.

The position of the easel made it slightly difficult to sketch.

However, the angle was not impossible to overcome. Hannibal had to twist his torso, angling his shoulders so he could both reach the paper and also see the subject.

Will was crouched nervously on his knees. Neither were dressed; clothing would have impeded both Hannibal's line of sight and his view of Will's arousal. Although he wasn't including that in the sketch, to see it certainly added to the overall atmosphere of the experience.

Hannibal had several scalpel-sharpened pencils within reach. To steady himself, he'd backed up against a wall and braced his knees so that they weren't locked.

For a brief moment, he closed his eyes, and focused on the details of the scene he'd most like to draw: Will's lips, his eyes, the cords in his neck as he strained to take him. He breathed deeply, in and out through his nose, and then he was ready and calm.

He opened them and looked down, beckoning Will to sit up on his heels. Hannibal touched his jawline and lifted his chin.

"Are you ready to be captured, Will? As I see you?"

"As long as no one else sees it," Will said, a tone of impertinence creeping into his voice. Hannibal cherished it; but that didn't mean he did not wish to silence it.

"This is only for me. For *us*."

Something about the way Hannibal said this made Will shiver. The quiet spaces of their intimacy were the sweetest things in his life, he could retreat there when the monsters he pursued began to crowd him out of his own head. That Hannibal wanted a visual reminder of them made him infinitely happy, made him feel safe, and loved.

He straightened his spine, and brought his mouth to the head of Hannibal's cock, not yet fully erect. He wanted to and would change that, and quickly.

Will's eyes met Hannibal's as he took the flesh against his tongue. The openness that radiated from them, made Hannibal's heart so full to see. He moaned as Will moved to take the thickness of the head entirely in his mouth, felt himself hardening against Will's tongue.

It was difficult to remember what he was meant to be doing at that moment, but Hannibal reasserted his mental faculties, and began to draw. Will's lower lip was partially obscured, so the greatest detail would go into perfectly capturing the way the corners of his mouth stretched to accommodate the thickest part of Hannibal's length.

Another detail he wanted in the drawing was one hand through Will's hair. Just at the temple, holding firm, but not tightly. He drew with his left hand while he used his right for this

purpose. Will was sucking him more eagerly now, feeling this gesture. It seemed to comfort him; Hannibal stroked his hair, and let him go as slow or fast as he wished during this portion of the drawing.

Next, he wanted Will's eyes. Hannibal hated to disrupt Will's reverie, but he needed to capture his eyes.

"Look, Will, up at me."

Slowly, he came out of his state just enough to comply.

"Very good. You're so good for me."

Ah, there it was. The look of trusting devotion that Hannibal needed to put down on the paper. So worshipful, and so needy. As if there was nowhere else in the universe he'd rather be, than right here. On his knees, Hannibal's cock gliding past his exquisite lips. This Hannibal drew perhaps the most carefully of all.

The last piece of the composition required Hannibal's other hand. Reluctantly giving up the place at Will's temple, he switched, picking up another ready-sharpened pencil. His own hand, against Will's throat. Slowly, he worked his length further down, shifting the angle of penetration just slightly. Further down still, until…*just there.*

His fingers, veined and strong, against the place in Will's neck where he could feel his cock working against the inside of Will's open throat. The rendition would not be complete without it.

It was nearly finished. The most important elements were there, ones that even Hannibal's near-perfect capacity for memory would not be able to recall. Some things simply needed to be captured as they were occurring. He shifted his hips and put down the pencil.

He put his full focus and attention into touching Will's hair, and permitted himself to drown in sensation. Will was not only expert in his performance, but also singularly *enthusiastic*. He had told Hannibal, once, in the pastel moments of waking light when they shared a bed (as they did often, but not nearly often enough), that he would recall Hannibal's scent. He would think of his uniqueness in this, his salt and heady taste, when his work overwhelmed his conscious mind. How thick he felt in his mouth, and confessed that he could use the recollection to ground himself. He loved to suck Hannibal's cock.

He wanted nothing more than to draw out the experience. But Hannibal was growing impatient, and wanting.

Will was teasing; Hannibal could always tell when he was being *insolent* in this way. He'd swallow his cock down completely, but wouldn't tighten around it to suck as hard as he knew Hannibal wanted him to. Indeed, Will looked up at him, the merest hint of mischievous glee in his eye. A game he played, one he always knew the eventual outcome of, but played it still.

Hannibal smiled back, and wound Will's soft, loosely curling hair through his fingers. If Will

wouldn’t suck as hard as Hannibal wanted him to, then he’d use the pressure that would come as he fucked the back of his throat. Will had learned to regulate, if not entirely control, his gag reflex; he could breathe enough through his nose to permit Hannibal to use him this way, hard and fast.

And use Will he did. Intentionally holding back, Hannibal built upon the power of his thrusts slowly. He’d speed up, only to slow down again. Will kept pace with it all; he wanted to taste so badly, it energized and spurred him on.

Fingers tightened in Will’s hair, and held him still, as Hannibal at last gave him what he desired. Will’s eyes squeezed shut in bliss as wave upon wave of cum flowed down and against the back of his mouth; at the last, Hannibal pulled slightly out, letting the last coat Will’s tongue and lips.

When it ended, Hannibal let him go, and Will collapsed back upon his heels, breathless with heaving chest.

A few moments of recovery, cleaning his lips with a pink and eager tongue.

"I want to see," he said once he’d recovered his capacity to speak.

Hannibal nodded and helped him to his feet. Will pressed his back to Hannibal’s chest, and relaxed into him as he covered Will’s chest with a supportive arm.

Will stared at the sketch carefully for several minutes before speaking. He could see people through the eyes of others, and the often horrific acts performed upon them; but he had never seen himself. And certainly not as Hannibal regarded him.

"This is really how you see me? I wasn’t expecting it to be so…"

"Beautiful?"

"Yes. You see me as you see art, don’t you?"

Hannibal kissed the side of Will’s forehead, and held him closer.

"It is not how I see you. It is how you are."

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